

STATE FAIR HAS MANY FEATURES

PLANS BEING PERFECTED TO HONOR THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

MANY EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITS

Mammoth Display to be Installed by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Columbia. The 1922 state fair to be held in Columbia, October 23-28, will be replete with many educational features. Of especial interest to the agriculturists will be the mammoth display to be installed by the United States department of agriculture. This exhibit will occupy approximately 5,000 square feet of space and will be found in a prominent location in the steel building. In addition to a wide variety of displays of agricultural products, actual working models will give a realistic presentation of the subjects they illustrate. A feature is the one illustrative of the radio news service now employed by the government in disseminating market news throughout the country. Exhibits showing all the phases of the cotton industry will also be featured. The combined exhibit will be of such educational value that it will appeal to all progressive farmers.

R. M. Cooper, Jr., president of the state fair, has announced that plans were being perfected to honor the Confederate veterans at the fair. He stated that arrangements would be made to admit these veterans without charge that they may view the progress of the state they love so well. "This is a duty that the state owes her valiant heroes," said Mr. Cooper, "and it will be a distinctive honor to the state fair to have these men as its guests. The exhibits this year will be of such magnitude and merit as to truly depict the growth, progress and resourcefulness of our state and none take greater pride in our advancement than the beloved gray-haired veterans. All honor to them and may their visit to the state fair scatter sunshine and lighten their burdens. I sincerely trust that every living Confederate veteran will honor us with his presence. The gates will swing wide open to him. 'Welcome' in capital letters will blaze forth over our gateways and with hearts flushed with pride we shall meet and greet our heroes."

Will Get Reports From Constables. Governor Harvey has issued orders to all state constables to make weekly reports to him in order that he may see what is going on. The chief executive wants to keep close tab on his constables and to this end will require every member of the constabulary to file with him every week a full report as to the activities of the constable. This report will be in detail, the governor said. Heretofore some reports have been rather vague, the statements merely saying that ten men were arrested. The governor wants to know the names of those arrested and all details in connection with the work. In his connection directing the constables to report to him he calls their attention to the need of getting the "men higher up" in the bootlegging game. The small fellow should not be overlooked, the chief executive says.

Hunting Season Will Open Soon. Hunters in South Carolina may again grease up the old gun and put it in readiness for the dove season and other shooting as the season is not far off.

The open season for doves will begin September 1, and will close September 15. Through a special arrangement between Chief Warden Richardson and the United States game authorities, hunters will have the privilege of entering the field for doves September 1 in South Carolina, whereas in other states the date is much later. In Georgia the date is November 20, and Chief Richardson has been advised that some cases have already been made in that state. None will be made in South Carolina if the hunters observe the law, Mr. Richardson said.

Names Three Men.

Governor Harvey appointed D. R. Coker of Hartsville, R. C. Hamer of Eastover and W. W. Long of Clemson College as commissioners from South Carolina for the Cotton States commission conference at Memphis, Tenn. The three men are to be permanent members of the commission, according to the letter addressed to Thomas B. King, secretary, by the governor.

Pardoned Negro Not Doing Good.

Governor Harvey was advised that Hamp James, negro, who, according to the records, was paroled during good behavior by Governor Bleasdale, is acting very badly for a man out under parole. James, according to the information furnished the governor, is in Dillon county.

The records show, it was announced at the executive offices, that James was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. He killed his father-in-law, according to information received by the governor.

Veterans' Clinic in Near Future.

Plans have been completed by the United States Veterans' Bureau for the remodeling of the Koon building at 1322 Taylor street into a medical dispensary and clinic, according to an announcement given out by S. C. Groeschel, sub-district manager.

The first floor of this building is being used for offices and clerical work and the entire upper floor will be devoted to the clinic. Mr. Groeschel mailed out letters to a number of contractors and also placed a set of the plans at the Builders' Exchange. Bids for painting, plumbing, carpentry, millwork, electric wiring, etc., will be accepted up until noon, September 14.

The plans call for a clinical laboratory, dental room, dental laboratory, pharmacy room, two medical rooms, an orthopedic room, surgery room, eye, ear, nose and throat room, x-ray room, cystoscopic and urologic examining rooms. All of these rooms will be completely equipped.

This will be the only clinic in South Carolina under the veterans' bureau to which ex-service men, suffering from any disease contracted during or as a result of the recent war, may receive treatment.

Rifle Team Off to Camp Perry.

South Carolina's National Guard rifle team left for Camp Perry, Ohio, Capt. Witt S. Fore of Union in charge and Lieut. Korshaw DeLoach of Camden as coach. The team will participate in the national matches. Members of the team expect to make a good showing at Perry. Some fine shots are on the team, Captain Fore being rather "wicked" with a gun himself.

On the team are: Capt. Witt S. Fore, Union, in charge; Lieut. J. B. K. DeLoach, coach; Lieut. Gary E. Byrd, Hartsville, quartermaster; Lieut. Joseph E. Bates, Orangeburg; Lieut. Joel J. Padgett, Walterboro; Sergt. C. C. Carrison, Fort Mill; Sergt. L. R. Bell, Charleston; Sergt. G. N. Buchanan, Greenville; Sergt. Padgett, Walterboro; Sergt. Furman Johnson, Rock Hill; Corp. J. H. Hovis, Rock Hill, and R. V. Brannon, Union.

Harvey Will Make Several Speeches.

Governor Harvey is scheduled to make a number of addresses over the state within the next three weeks. On September 8 he goes to Blackville to speak at a district convention of the Pythians.

September 15 he will address the Spartanburg chamber of commerce and friends of this organization. This will be at night. Sunday night, September 17, he will be in Gaffney to address a district convention of Pythians.

Saturday, September 16, the governor will be in Greenville all day. He has been invited to Greenville on several occasions and although he is not scheduled to make an address on the 16th, the chances are he will be called upon while in the city. The governor will make all the trips by automobile and Mrs. Harvey will accompany him.

Mails Out Blanks for Tobacco Sales.

Tobacco warehouse report blanks have been mailed by B. Harris, commissioner of agriculture, commerce and industries, to all warehouses reported so far as operating this season. Last year there were more than 60 but this season, under the co-operative marketing plan, only 21 have been reported as operating.

Section 2603, civil code, requires these reports to be made to the commissioner of agriculture, commerce and industries on or before the fifth of the month for the previous month's business.

The following warehouses have been mailed report blanks:

Old Tobacco Warehouse, Andrews; Planters' warehouse, Conway; Watkins' warehouse, Dillon; Big Brick warehouse, Homingway; Star warehouse, Lamar; Big Brick warehouse, Liberty; Gravelet's warehouse, Liberty; Phoenix warehouse, Marion; Big New Independent warehouse, Mullins; Planters' warehouse, Mullins; Brick warehouse, Mullins; Central warehouse, Mullins; Nichols warehouse, Nichols; Casey's warehouse, Loris; Sumter or Baner warehouse (two), Sumter; Farmers' warehouse, Olaneto; Gorman's warehouse, Olaneto; Greeleyville warehouse, Greeleyville; Farmers' warehouse, Lakeview; Planters' warehouse, Johnsonville.

Any warehouse that has not received a report blank can obtain such by requesting the department to forward it.

Much Cotton Being Delivered.

Officials of the South Carolina Cotton Growers' Co-operative association said that several hundred bales of old cotton had already been delivered to the association and that letters were coming in by every mail from members asking for shipping instructions and stating their intention of delivering all old cotton they have on hand. Delivery of old cotton under the terms of the contract is optional.

Three New Charters.

The Lusk Construction company of Pickens was chartered by the secretary of state with a capital stock of \$10,000. Officers are S. H. Lusk, president and treasurer; J. T. Lusk, vice-president.

The Raley company, of Jefferson, was chartered with a capital stock of \$10,000. Officers are: L. E. Raley, president; W. W. Mungo, vice-president.

The McClamrock Plastering company, of Columbia, was chartered with a capital stock of \$2,000.

Erskine Dale — Pioneer

By John Fox, Jr.

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"I CAN WAIT"

SYNOPSIS.—To the Kentucky wilderness outpost commanded by Jerome Sanders, in the time immediately preceding the revolution, comes a white boy fleeing from a tribe of Shawnees by whom he had been captured and adopted as a son of the chief Kahtoo. He is given shelter and attracts the favorable attention of Dave Yandell, a leader among the settlers. The boy warns of the coming of a Shawnee war party. The fort is attacked, and only saved by the timely appearance of a party of Virginians. The leader of these is fatally wounded, but in his dying moments recognizes the fugitive youth as his son. At Red Oaks, plantation on the James river, Virginia, Colonel Dale's home, the boy appears with a message for the colonel, who after reading it introduces the bearer to his daughter Barbara as her cousin Erskine Dale. Erskine meets two other cousins, Harry Dale and Hugh Willoughby. Yandell visits Red Oaks. At the county fair at Williamsburg Erskine meets at youth, Dane Grey, and there at once arises a bitter antagonism between them. Grey, in liquor, insults Erskine, and the latter, for the moment all Indian, draws his knife. Yandell disarms him. Ashamed, Erskine leaves Red Oaks that night. After a brief wilderness wander, with Harry and Hugh, who have been permitted to visit the Sanders fort, overtake him. At the plantation the boy had left a note in which he gave the property, which is his as the son of Colonel Dale's older brother, to Barbara. The party is met by three Shawnees, who bring news to Erskine (whose Indian name is White Arrow) that his foster father, Kahtoo, is dying and become his chief. After a brief visit to the fort Erskine goes to the tribe. He finds there a white woman and her half-breed daughter, Early Morn, and saves the woman from death. He tells Kahtoo he is with the Americans against the British. An enemy, Crooked Lightning, overhears him.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"Tomorrow," said the old chief, "they shall hunt. Each shall take his bow and the same number of arrows at sunrise and return at sundown. . . . The next day they shall do the same with the rifle. It is enough for today."

The first snow fell that night, and at dawn the two lads started out—each with a bow and a dozen arrows. Erskine's woodcraft had not suffered and the night's story of the wilderness was as plain to his keen eyes as a printed page. For two hours he tramped swiftly, but never sign of deer, elk, bear or buffalo.

And then an hour later he heard a snort from a thick copse and the crash of an unseen body in flight through the brush, and he loped after its tracks.

Black Wolf came in at sunset with a bear cub which he had found feeding apart from its mother. He was triumphant, and Crooked Lightning was scornful when White Arrow appeared empty-handed. His left wrist was bruised and swollen, and there was a gash the length of his forearm.

"Follow my tracks back," he said, "until you come to the kill." With a whoop two Indians bounded away and in an hour returned with a buck.

"I ran him down," said White Arrow, "and killed him with the knife. He horned me," and went into his tent.

The bruised wrist and wounded forearm made no matter, for the rifle was the weapon next day—but White Arrow went another way to look for game. Each had twelve bullets. Black Wolf came in with a deer and one bullet. White Arrow told them where



"Tomorrow," said the Old Chief, "They Shall Hunt."

they could find a deer, a bear, a buffalo and an elk, and he showed eight bullets in the palm of his hand. And he noted now that the Indian girl was always an intent observer of each contest, and that she always went swiftly back to her tent to tell his deeds to the white woman within.

There was a feast and a dance that night, and Kahtoo could have gone to his fathers and left the lad, young as he was, as chief, but not yet was he

ready, and Crooked Lightning, too, bided his time.

Dressed as an Indian, Erskine rode forth next morning with a wampum belt and a talk for the council north where the British were to meet Shawnee, Iroquois and Algonquin, and urge them to enter the great war that was just breaking forth. There was open and angry protest against sending so young a lad on so great a mission, but the old chief haughtily brushed it aside:

"He is young but his feet are swift, his arm is strong, his heart good, and his head is old. He speaks the tongue of the paleface. Besides, he is my son."

One question the boy asked as he made ready:

"The white woman must not be burned while I am gone?"

"No," promised the old chief. And so White Arrow fareed forth. Four days he rode through the north woods, and on the fifth he strode through the streets of a town that was yet filled with great forest trees; a town at which he had spent three winters when the game was scarce and the tribe had moved north for good. He lodged with no chief, but slept in the woods with his feet to the fire. The next night he slipped to the house of the old priest, Father Andre, who had taught him some religion and a little French, and the old man welcomed him as a son, though he noted sadly his Indian dress and was distressed when he heard the lad's mission. He was quickly relieved.

"I am no royalist," he said.

"Nor am I," said Erskine. "I came because Kahtoo, who seemed nigh to death, begged me to come. I am only a messenger and I shall speak his talk; but my heart is with the Americans and I shall fight with them." The old priest put his fingers to his lips:

"Sh—h—h! It is not wise. Are you not known?"

Erskine hesitated. Earlier that morning he had seen three officers riding in, following was a youth not in uniform, though he carried a sword. On the contrary, he was dressed like an English dandy, and then he found himself face to face with Dane Grey. With no sign of recognition the boy had met his eyes squarely and passed on.

"There is but one man who does know me and he did not recognize me. His name is Dane Grey. I am wondering what he is doing here. Can you find out for me and let me know?" The old priest nodded and Erskine slipped back to the woods.

At sunrise the great council began. On his way Erskine met Grey, who apparently was leaving with a band of traders for Detroit. Again Erskine met his eyes and this time Grey smiled:

"Aren't you White Arrow?" Somehow the tone with which he spoke the name was an insult.

"Yes."

"Then it's true. We heard that you had left your friends at the fort and become an Indian again."

"Yes?"

"So you are not only going to fight with the Indians against the whites, but with the British against America?"

"What I am going to do is no business of yours," Erskine said quietly, "but I hope we shall not be on the same side. We may meet again."

Grey's face was already red with drink and it turned purple with anger.

"When you tried to stab me do you remember what I said?" Erskine nodded contemptuously.

"Well, I repeat it. Whatever the side, I'll fight you anywhere at any time and in any way you please."

"Why not now?"

"This is not the time for private quarrels and you know it."

Erskine bowed slightly—an act that came oddly from an Indian head-dress.

"I can wait—and I shall not forget. The day will come."

The old priest touched Erskine's shoulder as the angry youth rode away.

"I cannot make it out," he said. "He claims to represent an English fur company. His talk is British, but he told one man—last night when he was drunk—that he could have a commission in the American army."

The council fire was built, the flames crackled and the smoke rolled upward and swept through the leafless trees. Three British agents sat on blankets, and around them the chiefs were ringed. All day the powwow lasted. Each agent spoke and the burden of his talk varied very little.

The American palefaces had driven the Indian over the great wall. They were killing his deer, buffalo and elk, robbing him of his land and pushing him ever backward. They were many and they would become more. The British were the Indian's friends—the Americans were his enemies and theirs; could they choose to fight with their enemies rather than with their friends? Each chief answered in turn, and each cast forward his wampum until only Erskine, who had sat silent, remained, and Pontiac himself turned to him.

"What says the son of Kahtoo?"

Even as he rose, the lad saw creeping to the outer ring his enemy Crooked Lightning, but he appeared not to see. The whites looked surprised when his boyish figure stood straight, and they were amazed when he addressed the traders in French, the agents in English, and spoke to the feathered chiefs in their own tongue. He cast the belt forward.

"That is Kahtoo's talk, but this is mine."

Who had driven the Indian from the great waters to the great wall? The British. Who were the Americans until now? British. Why were the Americans fighting now? Because the British, their kinsmen, would not give them their rights. If the British would drive the Indian to the great wall, would they not go on doing what they charged the Americans with doing now? If the Indians must fight, why fight with the British to beat the Americans, and then have to fight both a later day? If the British would not treat their own kinsmen fairly, was it likely that they would treat the Indian fairly? They had never done so yet. Would it not be better for the Indian to make the white man on his own land a friend rather than the white man who lived more than a moon away across the big seas? Only one gesture the lad made. He lifted his hand high and paused. Crooked Lightning had sprung to his feet with a hoarse cry. Already the white men had grown uneasy, for the chiefs had turned to the boy with startled interest at his first sentence and they could not know what he was saying. But they looked relieved when Crooked Lightning rose, for his was the only face in the assembly that was hostile to the boy. With a gesture Pontiac bade Crooked Lightning speak.

"The tongue of White Arrow is forked, I have heard him say he would fight with the Long Knives against the



"The People Are Angry. They Say You Are a Traitor and a Spy."

British and he would fight with them even against his own tribe." One grunt of rage ran the round of three circles and yet Pontiac stopped Crooked Lightning and turned to the lad. Slowly the boy's uplifted hand came down. With a bound he leaped through the head-dress of a chief in the outer ring and sped away through the village. Some started on foot after him, some rushed to their ponies, and some sent arrows and bullets after him. At the edge of the village the boy gave a loud, clear call and then another as he ran. Something black sprang snorting from the edge of the woods with pointed ears and scorching eyes. Another call came and like the swirling edge of a hurricane-driven thundercloud fire swept after his master. The boy ran to meet him, caught one hand in his mane before he stopped, swung himself up, and in a hail of arrows and bullets swept out of sight.

CHAPTER IX.

The sound of pursuit soon died away, but Erskine kept "freely at his best, for he knew that Crooked Lightning would be quick and fast on his trail. He guessed, too, that Crooked Lightning had already told the tribe what he had just told the council, and that he and the prophet had already made all use of the boy's threat to Kahtoo in the Shawnee town. He knew even that it might cost him his life if he went back there, and once or twice he started to turn through the wilderness and go back to the fort. It was the thought of the white woman who was to be burned that kept him going and sent him openly and fearlessly into the town. He knew from the sullen looks that met him, from the fear in the faces of his foster-mother and the white woman who peered blindly from her lodge, and from the triumphant leer of the prophet that his every suspicion was true, but all the more leisurely did he swing from his horse, all the more haughtily stalk to Kahtoo's tent. And the old chief looked very grave when the lad told the story of the council and all that he had said and done.

"The people are angry. They say you are a traitor and a spy. They say you must die. And I cannot help you. I am too old and the prophet is too strong."

"And the white woman?"

"They thought you'd turned Indian again," he said, "but it's all right now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Uncle Eben.

"Dar ain't no ketchin' up wit some folks," said Uncle Eben. "I called 'Rastus Pinkley's' tention to de fact dat he was holdin' his book upside down, an' all he said was dat it took a mighty smart man to do his readin dat way."—Washington Star.

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"It was poor business," replied the merchant, gloomily. "Our object was to sell the suits to women. No woman got within forty feet of that window." Birmingham Age-Herald.

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